THE LADY'S

WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

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THE ANACONDA.

THE NARRATIVE OF EVERARD BROOKE.

(Continued.)

WITH equal prudence he made his approach on that side, where the pavilion would screen him from the enemy's observation. From time to time, I lost sight of him among the underwood; even when he was before my eyes, I occasionally doubted, whether it was he indeed, so cautiously and so artfully did he make his approach, creeping on his hands and knees, sometimes remaining without stirring, sometimes stealing forwards with a movement so imperceptible, that it almost eluded the keenness of sight. He was a living example to me of the discretion, assiduity, and skill, which the savage employs in laying his ambuscades, and stealing upon his unsuspecting enemy.

And now favoured by the long grass and fragments of boughs with which the ground was covered, had Zadi, by a thousand serpentine movements, reached the wall of the pavilion. My heart beat violently, as I saw on one side the Anaconda, as yet (it's true) suspecting nothing, but still dreadful from her appearance, and exhibiting every moment awful proofs of her strength, by the powerful leaps with which she darted herself from bough to bough; and on the other hand, separated from her by the distance of ten yards at most, I beheld a poor infirm and aged man, whose force consisted only in his courage and discretion.

Zadi in the mean while remained so tranquil and so motionless in his present position near the pavilion door, that the monster could not fail of being deceived by so unsuspicious an appearance. The Indian's eye was fixed immovably upon the snake, and followed all her twistings and windings with incessant application, while she swung herself with unwearied activity backwards and forwards, now here, now there, now above, now below; till at the very moment when she shot herself over him in a bound of prodigious extent, I suddenly saw the invaluable paper disappear from its place, without being able to perceive the means, by which it

was brought into the power of the successful lurker.

I clasped my hands in ecstacy, and poured out my thanks to God from the very bottom of my heart. But all was not yet done. It required no less caution and dexterity to retire, than to approach; and never did I offer up more fervent vows, than at the moment when the animated thicket began to set itself again in motion. Slower than the hour hand of a dial, now moving forwards, now backwards, now right, now left, it stole itself down the hill. Still it went on . . . . and on . . . . and lower . . . and lower . . . . till with inexpressible delight I saw it almost at the very foot of the hill—and now at length I began to draw my breath without pain—the noble fellow is safe, said I to myself.—At that moment, whether joy at the successful issue of his attempt had deprived him of part of his former caution, or whether some accidental derangement of the sheltering branches discovered enough to excite the reptile's suspicion—at that moment I saw the Anaconda dart from above, and in the quickness of a thought, she reached the bottom of the hill and enveloped the unfortunate in her folds! a piercing shriek of horror burst from me! I felt all my blood congeal within my veins.

Yet even in this dreadful situation, wonderful was the presence of mind which Zami still preserved; wonderful was the courage, the activity, and the skill, with which he defended himself against the monster, grasping his dagger with firm and steady hand, he struck it with repeated blows between the impenetrable scales of his enemy, sought out with inconceivable address the most tender parts to strike, and at length succeeded in giving her so deep and so well-placed a wound, that it must needs have worked her up to the most extreme pitch of pain and fury, for suddenly I beheld him only girdled by a single fold of the Anaconda's tail, with which (in the same manner, that one who has unexpectedly grasped a nettle, throws it away) she hurled the poor wretch into the air far away, till I lost him among the surrounding bushes. As for the snake, she hastily regained her former hiding-place, where she lay quiet and concealed for some time, before she resumed her usual sports; though when she *did* resume them, it was evidently with less sprightliness than before.

My agony is not to be described! Nothing was to be seen of the unfortunate Indian. What was become of him? Had he been killed by the violence of the fall? or was he at that moment struggling in the pangs of death? his preservation I considered as beyond the limits of possibilty; and yet it seemed to me inhuman and ungrateful quite to abandon him to his fate, without having first ex-

hastened every possible means of assisting him. Irresistibly carried away by these sentiments, I rushed from the balcony, and hastened towards the hill by the same course which he had pursued himself, and which I could easily track by the depression of the dewy grass. Towards that side also had he been thrown by the Anaconda, and it was probable, that the thicket might shelter me, till I could reach the spot where he lay dying. In the eagerness of this hope, I totally overlooked the extreme risque of an undertaking, the very idea of which but four and twenty hours sooner would have made me shudder through every limb. So true is it, that violent emotions communicate a force to the mind, which enables it to rise above itself, and gives it courage to encounter danger, and even death, without the shrinking of a single nerve.

Suddenly my attention was arrested by a faint murmur!—It came from a thicket at no great distance: I listened again!—Oh! heavens! it was the voice of Zadi—I lost not a moment in hastening to the place—He heard me; he opened his eye-lids, which seemed already closed in eternal sleep, recognized me as I raised him in my arms, and a faint smile stole over his countenance, as he stretched out his hand to me with difficulty.

"Take it!" he said, "God be thanked, that I am able to reward your kindness so well!—even in the monster's grasp, I still kept fast hold of it—Oh! take it, take it!"

It was the paper which he had purchased so dearly, and which the faithful creature extended towards me.

"Read it!" he continued—"Lose no time!—Before I am deprived of my senses again—and for ever—at least let me have the satisfaction to know—what my master *wished* me to do! Alas! alas! now you will be left alone to assist him!"

And assist him I will, doubt it not, thou noble heart," I replied, while I strove to raise him from the ground; "but my first assistance must be given to yourself."

It was in vain that he conjured me to leave him to his fate, and only think of effecting his master's rescue. Without heeding him, I managed to lift him upon my shoulders, and tottering beneath his weight, I endeavoured to effect our escape from the dangerous vicinity of the pavilion. With difficulty I succeeded in regaining the open ground. Fortunately some of the other domestics saw us from the house, and hastened to relieve me from my wretched burthen. Assisted by them, I at length saw Zadi safely deposited on a sofa in the mansion-house: he was again on the point of los-

ing all sensibility; but a cordial of powerful virtue being administered without delay, his strength was restored sufficiently to preserve him from a relapse.

It's true, none of his limbs were fractured, but he was dreadfully bruised by his fall; his breast and ribs had been almost crushed together, by the close drawn folds of the serpent; he was totally unable to move so much as a finger, and his condition was such as would have excited pity even in the most insensible nature. As for me, I almost sank beneath this addition to that general calamity, which seemed to increase with every succeeding moment. I was now a single man, to whose hand Providence had committed the lives of three afflicted creatures! never did mortal pray to heaven with more fervour or more unaffected zeal, than I did while imploring the divine grace to assist me in fulfilling a mission so sacred and so difficult.

But as for Zadi, he seemed to have already forgotten himself, his past dangers, and his present pains. He implored me to waste no more time in striving to mitigate his sufferings, and assured me that the letter of his dear afflicted master would be the best balsam for all his wounds. In compliance with his earnest intreaties, I prepared to peruse the paper; but the tears gushed into my eyes on recognizing the well-known handwriting, and it was with difficulty, that I decyphered the following words:

"Oh! I understand you well, my friends, my beloved ones! your voices—still more your unremitting and desperate exertions to relieve me—all convince me, that you are near me; that you feel for me; that you spare no labour to effect my rescue!—Alas! you will labour in vain!—Death has already enveloped me in his dark circle; there is no escape; I have already bade my farewell to life—I cannot long survive in this atmosphere, corrupted as it is by the pestilential vapours, constantly exhaling from the monster's jaws—I die resigned; but do not embitter this last and heavy hour by the apprehension, lest your exertions in my behalf should be the means of involving you in my danger. By all that is sacred and dear, I conjure you, abandon me to my unhappy fate; fly! oh! fly far from hence; it is my last, my only, my most earnest request!

"Everard!—Oh! Everard, my poor wife!—Do not abandon my Louisa!"

A cold shuddering ran through my bones: the poisonous air robbed us even of our last wretched hope, that the Anaconda might at length retire wearied out with her vain expectations, and leave my friend at liberty to quit his retreat. But now it was evident from his letter, that long ere this could hap-

pen, Seafield would be no more! *immediate* help must save him, or *none!*—Zadi sobbed aloud: it was an addition to my own grief to think that I had been obliged to give a fresh pang to his faithful bosom, and it wrung me to the very soul, when I saw him give way openly to this burst of sorrow. Suddenly he uttered a shriek so loud, that it startled all who heard him.

"No! no!" he exclaimed, in the most violent agitation—"No! no! he shall not bid farewell to life for ever!—there are still means—Oh! wretch that I am! curses, eternal curses on my old head, that I did not think of it till now, and now it comes too late! I might have saved him! I might have saved him!—Had I but tho't of it sooner, my master would have been safe at this moment! now it is too late!—He must die, and 'tis my heedlessness which kills him!"

"For mercy sake, I cried, explain yourself, old man!—You see, that our messengers are not returned from Columbo—every moment that we lose, is inestimable! If you really do know any means of rescue, tell it, discover it; delay not an instant—Speak, to what means do you allude?

"It is too late, it is too late;" he repeated; "no one but myself could have carried it through; and here I lie, without the power to move a limb, and no one else will undertake a task so desperate."

"The means, the means, I exclaimed again, almost frantic with agitation.

"Well then," he resumed, his words frequently interrupted with groans; "The Anaconda is, as I told you formerly, the most voracious animal in nature. She is invincible, while stimulated by hunger; but she can be overcome by a very child, as soon as she has satiated herself with food: then she loses the flexibility of her joints, and instead of her restless activity, she seems plunged in a benumbing torpor, and remains unable to move, overpowered by the burthen of her immoderate meal."

"Excellent dear old man," said I, in rapture at the ray of hope, with which his words inspired me; Is what you say *certain?* Could we but satiate this Anaconda . . ."

"My master were rescued," he replied: "but to effect this, requires the risque of a life: and who will venture that?—Oh! were but these old limbs, as they were two hours ago—Could I but remove the mountain load, which weighs upon my chest, and prevents me breathing."

"Oh! if I am but right in my guess, I interrupted the old man; you would have driven her prey to the Anaconda?"

"The whole herd, the whole herd," shouted Zadi, and he sank

back exhausted by the violence of his emotions—"This thought," he continued in a low voice, after the pause of a moment—"this thought suggested itself to my recollection long ago; but, wretch that I was, I believed its execution to be impracticable. The plague, which lately prevailed here among the cattle, has occasioned them to be removed from this part of the country, and they were gone too far to be recalled in time to afford the required assistance. In despair, therefore, I banished this scheme from my thoughts; but now that I am rendered unable to put it in execution, I remember ....

What? What? I inquired, almost breathless with anxiety.

"You know well Van Derkel, the rich Hollander, whose estate joins this? He is the most positive man breathing, and having once declared our fears of the plague to be groundless, he refused out of pure obstinacy to suffer his cattle to accompany those of his neighbours; they remain on his estate at this moment; an herd might easily be procured, and then ... but it is too late, now it is too late! none but his faithful servant would dare—"

What? said I, interrupting him, will not his faithful friend?

Zadi's looks met mine; they burned with new fire, while he confest, that me alone now rested his only hope. The flames in his eyes seemed to have communicated themselves to my heart; and the blessings with which he loaded me, and the effusions of gratitude to Heaven and to me which he poured forth, confirmed the resolution, which I had already adopted.

Be of good comfort, friend! said I, as I turned to leave him; the man whom you sought is found! I will tread that path which no other will tread, and I now leave you for the purpose of seeking it.

Zadi's eyes were now filled with tears of joy.

"May the God of my fathers bless you!" he said, raising his eyes to Heaven, "now then I can die contented! Now then the hour of my master's deliverance will strike at last."

[*To be continued.*]

TRUE FELICITY.

A PERSON once observing to an ancient Greek Philosopher, that it was a great happiness to *have* what we *desire;* the sage replied, "but is it not a much greater happiness to *desire nothing* but what we *have?*"

Mutual distress produces mutual confidence.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

MADAME TALLIEN.

AT the age of eighteen, the rich and beautiful daughter of the Spanish Count de Gabarrus, was married to M. de Fontenai, a counsellor of the Parliament of Bourdeaux, who three years afterwards, to save his life at the expence of his property, emigrated and joined his loyal countrymen on the banks of the Rhine. Not wishing to expose a woman he pretended dearly to love, either to the hazards and dangers of war, or the perils, contempt, and sufferings of exile, Mr. de Fontenai, when emigrating himself, left his wife at Paris, to wait there the issue of the pending contest both between states and factions.

After the unfortunate Queen, Maria Antoinette, had been murdered in such a barbarous manner, by the regicide assassins of her royal consort, Madame de Fontenai easily perceived that her sex no more than her country, would be a safe-guard for her; and therefore, by some pecuniary sacrifices, procured a passport for Bourdeaux, with permission to sail from thence in a neutral vessel for Spain.

On her arrival at Bourdeaux, Tallien resided there as a representative of the people, and as a national commissioner; she presented herself before the Revolutionary Committee to have her pass verified previous to her embarkation, but being the daughter and wife of noblemen, instead of obtaining leave to quit France, she was arrested as a suspected person, and as such confined in a loathsome gaol. Tallien was struck with her superior beauty, and immediately was enamoured of her. Forming his opinion of her however from many other gay indiscreet, though arrested ladies, he addressed her thus: "My pretty female citizen, I shall call on you here as soon as it is dark—you understand me—I want to see you alone." "But I will not see you alone," answered she, "throw your Sultan handkerchief to some person more complaisant, and more worthy of such insulting and humiliating distinction." "You shall shortly repent of your haughtiness," said Tallien, ferociously quitting her. The very next day her name was upon the list of the military commission: or, which was the same, she knew herself to be one of those unfortunate persons intended to be tried and executed within twenty-four hours. When she was meditating on her fate, Tallien suddenly entered; he threw himself at her feet, and began with protesting his sincere affection for her, and avowed himself her slave, though she was no longer his prisoner. "Here is the list," continued he, "of the prisoners once condemned to perish with you; your name is al-

ready omitted, erase those of other persons whom you wish to save, and they shall all be set at liberty to-morrow morning." "I shall convince myself, (said Madame de Fontenai) "whether you are sincere or not: lend me but pen and ink." With one single sroke she at once crossed all the names on the fatal list. Within twelve hours afterwards, all these individuals of both sexes came to thank her for their deliverance, being informed by Tallien that they owed it to her interference alone.

Of the preference she then gave to M. de Fontenai, this ill-bred and vicious man seemed bnt little to know the value. Some few days after his till then faithful and amiable wife had been delivered of her first child, he had the indelicacy and brutality to introduce under the same roof in his house, a common prostitute. The indiscreet fidelity of a maid informed Madame de Fontenai of the infidelity of her husband. With feelings acute as well as indignant, not cousidering the weak state of her health, she rose from her bed, and flew towards the room polluted by impurity. She found the door bolted, and was refused admittance. Smarting, however, more from the insult offered, than regarding the strength she possessed, in endeavouring to force an entrance, she fainted away, and was carried almost lifeless back to her bed. A woman, the victim of the seduction, corruption or negligence of one sex, is also frequently the persecuted object of the joalousy, envy, pride, or uncharitableness of the other. Had M. de Fontenai been prudent and pure, his wife might still have been innocent and chaste.

When at Paris, Tallien of course visited Madame de Fontenai, who easily obtained a divorce from a husband proscribed as an emigrant. She refused however to regard Tallien in any other light than that of a friend, as long as France groaned under the tyranny of Robespiere, more barefaced, more violent, but less artful and less oppressive than that of Bonaparte.

Jean Lambert Tallien was born at Paris, in 1770, and though only the son of a porter, had, from the kindness of his father's master been educated above his birth. He was at the beginning of the revolution, successively the steward of Marquis de Bercy, clerk to an attorney, and in the office of the treasury; secretary to Brostaret, a member of the constituent assembly, and assistant to the proprietors of the Moniteur. In 1791 he published his own journal, called *l' Ami des Citoyens*, which did not meet with success. He shewed himself one of the most ungenerous and indefatigable enemies of his virtuous king, whose trial he pressed, and for whose death he voted. During his several missions as a representative of the people, he committed the greatest

excesses and cruelties. It was not till after his acquaintance with Madame de Fontenai that he became more moderate; as to please her he had spared Bourdeaux, and to obtain her hand, he saved the lives of thousands at Paris, by the decided part he took in the destruction of Robespiere; and tho' his motives were dictated by personal interest alone, he, notwithstanding rendered great services to his wretched country. His conduct and actions were afterwards inconsistent and contradictory, by turns the panegyrist or the accuser of revolutionary criminals; he was therefore suspected by all factions, and defended by no party. Such was the regicide to whom Madame de Fontenai united herself on the 20th of August, 1794, three weeks after the death of Robespierre. He was then one of the most popular revolutionists, and she soon became one of the most fashionable belles of the French republic. It was, however, almost as difficult a task for her to exchange decency for Vandalism, to produce order in place of confusion in the regions of fashion, as for French political revolutionists to fix and constitute a regular government on the jacobinical basis of anarchy and licentiousness. At once to attempt the restoration of former usages and customs, from which five years of revolutions had made a distance of five centuries, would have been a vain attempt. The court, gala, or full dress, could not immediately supplant the sans-culotte and carmagnole vestments of filth and rags. Instead therefore of commencing with a progressive advancement towards a reform of apparel and appearance, Madame Tallien went to the other extreme in inventing the *haut ton* of nudity. The ungallant savageness of Robespierre and the ungenteel brutality of his accomplices, had already necessitated every lady awaiting death from the revolutionary tribunal, or only confined in consequence of the revolutionary tyranny, to cut off her hair, and to cut down her gown, if she wished to avoid the insults of a public executioner, or the horrors of his unfeeling operation when on the scaffold.

[*To be concluded next week.*]

THE LADIES' TOILETTE;

OR,

ENCYCLOPAEDIA OF BEAUTY.

Of the Beauty of the Skin.

THE beauty of the skin contributes in so astonishing a manner to beauty in general, that many women who are deemed very handsome, possess no other advantage than that of a beautiful skin. Accordingly it is upon this essential part that women bestow in preference the most assiduous care. The greatest part of the cosmetics have no other object than to preserve all the perfections, or to repair the defects of the skin.

A white skin, slightly tinged with carnation, soft and smooth to the touch, is what we commonly call a fine skin. Such was the skin of Anne of Austria, the mother of Louis XIV.; it was so delicate that no cambric could be found fine enough to make her chemises. Cardinal Mazarine used to tell her, that if she went to hell, she should be condemned to suffer no other punishment than to lie in Holland sheets.

The skin seldom possesses all the qualities requisite for its perfection, and when it does, various causes, external and internal, daily contribute to deprive it of them.

In fact, the skin by its numerous relations with most of the organs, undergoes various kinds of alterations according to the different dispositions of these organs. It is seen alternately to lose its lustre, to become pale, yellow, brown, greenish, purple, according to the different states of certain parts of the system.

The apparent state of the skin depends, therefore, in a great measure on the state of the internal organs; accordingly, in our eastern climate, carnation may be regarded as the true thermometer of the state of health. I say in *our* climate, where the whiteness of the skin renders the most delicate shades infinitely more perceptible. Thus a fresh and blooming tint, rosy lips, a lively and sparkling eye, are indications of good health. But if the complexion is pale, livid or lead colored: if the eye is languid; if the lips are deprived of that charming coral hue, it may then be affirmed that the functions are deranged, that health is impaired.

External causes are not less injurious to the beauties of the skin; and their influence is so much the more powerful as it is continually acting, and gradually destroys it, as water falling drop by drop, will at length wear a hole in a rock.

The external causes which are incessantly concurring to destroy the beauty of the skin, are principally the air, the heat of the climate, and light. These three causes combined contribute to deprive it of that whiteness, that lustre, that polish, that delicacy, that softness, which enchant and delight us in more than one way. Every body knows what a difference there is between the parts of this organ which are continually covered, and those that are constantly exposed to the contact of the air and light.

It was in conformity with this incontestible and positive truth, that the first cosmetics were composed. They consisted, as we shall see in another place, of different kinds of pastes, applied at night to the face and removed the next morning. By this expedient, the ancients found means to skreen during that interval the parts, the

delicacy of which they were desirous of preserving, from the influence of external causes.

The ancients certainly acted agreeably to an incontestible theory; but their practice was attended with some inconvenience, so that it was found necessary to have recourse to other means. Nevertheless, the Venetian ladies, so celebrated for the admirable beauty of their complexion, still make use of a paste composed of flour and white of eggs; this they mould into a kind of mask, which they put on the face at night; thus renewing the custom which the ancients have recorded as practised by the Courtezan Poppæ, and which the French historians inform us was used by the effeminate Henry III. of France.

An eminent physician, De Senac, was of opinion that women would always retain a youthful face, if they could preserve the rotundity of youth, which produces white by the tension of the skin, and red by the fullness of the blood-vessels. Colours artificially applied, and paints of all sorts, are but wretched imitations of what ought to be; and De Senac discovered a method of obtaining in reality that effect which paints produce only in appearance. "It is necessary," said he, "to prevent the perspiration of the face; by these means a happy obstruction of lymph and blood will take place in the small vessels, and the skin will be kept more stretched. There will be white, red, and no wrinkles; and who can wish for any thing more? Now," continued he, "oil prevents perspiration; nothing more is necessary than to rub it upon the face, or to apply to the latter only such drugs of which oil forms the basis, and not plasters, which by drying it, render it still more wrinkled than before."

(To be continued.)

LONDON FASHIONS

FOR APRIL.

Description of the prevailing fashions for ladies and gentlemen, from Ackerman's repository of arts, fashions, manufacture, &c.

Full Dress.

White satin dress, with purple body, and long sleeves slashed at the top; bows of purple ribbon down the front. Mantle of purple lined with white silk, bordered with gold, and edged with swans-down. Gold net cap, with white feathers. White shoes, gloves, and fan. Necklace, ear-rings, and other ornaments of gold.

Walking Dress.

A tunic of lilac silk, clasped down the front with gold ornaments; a cloak of the same color attached, so as to unite closely behind, but to fall loose over the shoulders; fixed on the shoulders with golden ornaments: the cloak is lined with white or straw colored silk, and ornamented with a border of gold. Bonnet and boots

of the same color. Raised spotted muslin under dress, with loose sleeves, bound at the arms and wrist. Gold necklace, and York tan gloves.

General Observations.

Red cloaks are at length completely abandoned, and we congratulate our lovely readers on their emancipation from the most despotic dress that ever was introduced by the whimsical and arbitrary goddess of fashion. The writer of this article predicted, on their first appearance, that a color so disadvantageous to beauty, could never become prevalent. "Let them, (said he) enwrap themselves with an immense blaze of red, it will come to nothing at last.' And so it turned out; our promenades presented us with an assemblage of pallid and ghastly spectres, who though "forbidden to tell the secrets of their prison house," carried about with them the visible signs of torture, and appeared literally robed in flames.

Pea green is a color generally introduced in Spring, but for what reason, I know not, except it be intended to harmonize with the verdure with which, at this season, all nature is beginning to be cloathed, though some may doubt whether a notion of harmony ever entered the inventive brain of a fashionable dress maker. However this may be, we must enter our decided protest againt it, and we entreat our fair readers not to adopt a color so directly in opposition to good taste, and in which no face or form, be it as majestic as Juno, or beautiful as Hebe, can ever appear with advantage and effect. Lilac, purple, all the varieties of blue, with the still greater varieties of grey, are open to their choice. If green must be selected, let it be the deep and rich hue of the Spanish fly, rather than that worst and vilest of all colors, pea green.

Mr. Adair's treaty with the Sublime Porte will doubtless introduce amongst our Spring fashions, a profusion of Turkish turbans, Janisary jackets, mosque slippers, and a thousand similar whimsicalities, all of which, (provided a northern coalition be accomplished,) must speedily give way to Russian cloaks, hussar caps, Cossack mantles, Danish robes, &c. so that by the setting in of the dog days, our ladies will stand a chance of being arrayed in the complete costume of all the shivering nations of the North. Such is the capricious system introduced and acted upon in the empire of the despotic goddess of Fashion! When shall the dress of the fair be established upon the simple and unerring principles of nature? and when shall those principles be adopted as the barometer of good taste? We have not the vanity to promise ourselves the complete accomplishment of those objects, but to that end all our endeavours shall be directed.

Fashions for Gentlemen.

The prevailing colors for both dress and morning coats, are dark blue, olive, and bottle-green, with silver and gilt basket buttons; long waist, and short skirts: but, upon the whole, the fashionable coat is very short, and must not come lower than within four inches of the knee. The lappels are rather long, and come even with the hip buttons. The collar is made high, thinly padded, and to fall back two inches.

The dress coat has round cuffs without buttons, with pockets under flaps: the morning coat, sleeves with slits, and three large buttons. The sleeves are worn very long.

The waistcoat is single breasted; flaps, with small regimental skirts: the collar within that of the coat; it is made of striped marcella, of various shades, but buff colors are the most fashionable. Breeches, of a light drab color, made rather long and tight. For pantaloons, the stuffs generally worn are double-milled stocking, and Prince of Wales's striped kerseymere.

LITERARY.

We have the pleasure of announcing to our readers the intention of Mrs. Ellis, the author of the elegant and chaste effusions which have appeared in this Miscellany under the signature of JULIA FRANCESCA, to favor the world with the whole of her works, in verse and prose. If any thing could recommend her to public patronage, beyond her extraordinary merit, it is that like many other votaries of genius, she is not blessed with the "*one thing needful.*" The following are her proposals, which we insert with pleasure, and which we have no doubt will be equally agreeable to the friends of literature, on whom we think she has strong claims for support.

PROPOSALS,
BY THE AUTHOR,
For publishing by Subscription, in one large duodecimo volume,
Price 1 doll. 50 cts. in boards,
THE
MISCELLANEOUS POEMS,
AND OTHER WORKS OF
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This work will be handsomely printed, on a superfine vellum paper and new type; and will be put to press as soon as a sufficient number of subscribers are obtained to defray the expence.

†‡† Subscriptions are received by D. Longworth, Park; Inskeep and Bradford, Broadway; and at the Office of the LADY'S MISCELLANY.

A young man was recommended to bishop Burnet for ordination. As his lordship stammered a little, he desired his chaplain to examine the candidate.—The first question proposed, was 'Why did Balaam's ass speak?"—"Because his master had an *impediment* in his *speech*," answered the young man, which put an immediate end to the examination.

When Queen Elizabeth, in one of her progresses, soon after the defeat of the Spanish Armada, visited Shrewsbury, the Mayor, in congratulating her on that memo-

rable event, said, "When the king of Spain attacked your majesty, egad, he took the wrong sow by the ear." The Queen could not help smiling at this; and her admiration was further heightened, when at her departure, he begged permission, "to attend her majesty to the gallows!" which stood about a mile out of town.

A zealous American politician has christened one of his daughters by the name of *Embargo*; but as she is the daughter of a man of wealth, we have no doubt that, in all due time, this *Embargo* will be *taken off*. *Lon. pap.*

Several communications are received, which shall be attended to

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MARRIED,

On Saturday evening last, by the rev. Bishop Moore, Mr. George Downing, merchant, of this city, to Miss Sally Sands, daughter of Col. John Sands, of Cowneck, L. I.

On Sunday evening last, by the rev. Dr. Livingston, Mr. Joseph Packard, merchant of Johnstown, to Miss Sarah Wynkoop, eldest daughter of Mr. Peter Wynkoop, of this city.

On the 1st inst. by the rev. Dr. Kuypers, Mr. William R. Thompson, to Miss Rachel Dover.

At Savannah, Alexander K. Smedes, merchant, of N. York, to Miss Eliza S. Isaacs, and Abiel Camfield, merchant, of N. York, to Miss Rebecca Longstreet.

At Perth Amboy, on Thursday the 1st June, by the Rev. Dr. Moore, Mr. James H. Kearney, to Miss Catharine Parker, youngest daughter of the late James Parker. Esq. of that place.

At New-Haven, on the 25th inst. Mr. Timothy Dwight, jun. to Miss Clarissa Strong, daughter of the Hon. Caleb Strong, of Northampton, Massachusetts.

On Thursday the 1st inst. by the Rev. Mr Romeyn, Mr. Robert Chew, to Miss Louisa Marcellin.

At Killingsworth, Conn. by the Rev. Achilles Mansfield, the Rev Joshua Huntington, of Boston, to Miss Susan Mansfield, Daughter of the former Gentleman.

In this city, on the 30th ult. by the Rev. Dr. Simmons, of Charleston, Paul Hamilton, Esq. eldest son of the Secretary of the Navy, to Miss Rhodes, daughter of John Rhodes, Esq. of Beaufort, S. C.

DIED,

On Monday morning, Mr. Frederick Davoue, an old and respectable inhabitant of this city.

On the 29th of May last, at the residence of her son, the honorable Jonathan Ward, in the county of Westchester, Mrs. Ward, of that place.

At Philadelphia, in the 39th year of his age, Dr. James Woodhouse, late Professor of chemistry in the University of Pennsylvania.

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Our City Inspector reports the death of 35 persons, during the week, ending on Saturday last.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

TO JULIA FRANCESCA.

To see you still your deep distress retain,
To see your pen in sable hue array'd,
Grieves me; it gives me truly heart-felt pain
To find I give not Consolation's aid.

Friendship can soft, and blissful balm impart,
But God alone, can make the wounded whole;
Can heal the sorrows of the broken heart,
And raise the fainting and unhappy soul.

What! are your woes so poignant, so severe,
That Piety's bright beam has not the pow'r
To soothe your heart, to *check the rising tear*,
And calm the sorrows of each lonely hour?

Of a once much-lov'd partner now bereft,
Or at Ingratitude's base, treacherous stings,
Do you now mourn, or dearest friends, far left,
Which pleasing recollection only brings?

Why was you forc'd to leave Brittania's Isle,
To seek in fair Columbia a retreat?
Where all again, might sweet around you smile,
And peace, within your breast, resume her seat!

But are you so with woe and grief oppress'd,
That Nature's Spring, revives no charms for you?
Oh! if you are of heavenly grace possest,
This sun, like fading mists, will pierce them thro'!

Tho' darkness may your trembling heart assail,
And oft their clouds of deepest sorrow rise,
The God of Heaven will never, never fail
The soul, that on his *love* and *power relies!*

In that Emporium, which was once your home,
Science has rais'd, and fix'd her temple high,
While Virtue kindly dwells within her dome,
And gives immortal fame, when life shall die!

A noble Addison, Brittannia's pride,
A Milton, lofty, towering, and sublime;
A pensive Young, whose strains so sweetly glide,
A Newton dear, and Cowper grac'd her clime.

Altho' we boast few great immortal names,
Yet Virtue here, I trust, still holds her sway,
And you will find, in friendship's dearest claims,
An emblem of unclouded, vernal day

Oh! did the *Immortal seraph* brightly shine,

Within this cold, and base, ungrateful heart,
How should I bless the healing hand divine,
And to your wounded bosom, hope impart!

Altho' unknown, yet Julia thou art dear,
And much I wish to press you to my heart;
Rejoice with you, or shed the mournful tear,
And *hear* those words, your pleasing pen imparts!

EVELINA.

May, 1809.

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For the Lady's Miscellany.

. . . . .

TO B. F.

WHEN pale this cheek and clos'd this eye,
And cold this aching heart may be,
Oh! wilt thou know its parting sigh
Was only true to love and thee.

Ah! no, thy careless foot may tread,
Unconscious of the clay cold form,
Nor mark the little earthy bed
That guards it from the pelting storm.

VIOLA.

March, 1809.

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Communicated.

SONNET ON SILENCE.

There is a silence does most strongly speak
The busy sense of gratitude and wrong,
Flushes with deepest red the conscious cheek,
As drives the heart its rapid course along.

Yes! silence has a language of its own,
A grammar which the feeling heart well knows,
And with a sigh, a tear—one look alone,
She speaks a thousand joys—a thousand woes!

That words are her's alone, let reason teach,
To doubt her rights be it impious sacrilege,
Still to give actions all the force of speech
Is nature's universal privilege.

Oh! the wild storms of rage! 'twere better bear
Than meet the silent frown—the sick'ning sneer!

COMMUNICATED.

MARIA OF MOULINES.

Versified from Sterne.

BENEATH a poplar's moving shade,
Where soft the gliding current flows,
Maria, lost, unhappy maid,
Delights to weep her many woes.

Her form is fair as op'ning dawn,
And mild as evening's stealing dew,
But, ah! she wails her joys withdrawn,
Her parent dead, her love untrue.

Bound gently to her silken zone,
Her Sylvia faithful favorite lies,
She thinks on every comfort gone,
And wilt thou leave me too, she cries.

Disorder'd floats her vest of snow,
Along the wind her tresses play;
Her pendant pipe has ceased to blow,
That nightly woke the 'solemn lay.'

Poor luckless maid! while pity deigns
O'er human ills to shed the tear;
While sorrow's yielding soul remains,
Still shall thy melting tale be dear.

Adieu, Maria! Heaven remove
Thy sorrows from the poplar tree;
Lo! 'pitying seraphs wail thy love,'
And twine the bowers of bliss for thee.

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